

A New PROPHECY

OF

Several strange and wonderful Revolutions that shall happen
to the Kingdom of *ENGLAND* in or about an Hundred
Years hence.

To a New Playhouse Tune.

I.
AL L you that can find *Ears*, and you that have *None*,
(But not to mistake me, I mean that have *One*)
Come listen awhile, and I'll tell you a Tale
Which with *Jugler's Knot*, you shall have by Retail;
And therefore I hope it will not give Offence,
Since they're all to be over an Hundred Years hence.

II.
With drooping *Whisefryers* we then shall begin,
Where *Wis* now does multiply as does their *Sin*;
For 'tis so increas'd that We never can fail
Of a *Dozen of Wits*, for a *Dozen of Me*.
By the Votes it is plain that they must pack thence,
And that long before Half an hundred Years hence.

III.
To *Lewis le Grand* we now find ev'ry *Widgeon*
From cheating all Mankind, to fly for Religion;
All Martyrs they'll bellow, *Alfasia's* their own,
And they will get them both when *James* gets a Crown;
All which, if we live, we shall see to commence
But a few days before an Hundred Years hence.

IV.
But I doubt long before they'll all be forgotten,
And *James* with his *Beggary Crew* will lie rotten;
And such *Papist's Kitchens* we vow to restore,
When *Pests* and *Jacobites* ne're shall be Poor;
All this and much more will appear to our Sense,
If ever it comes tis an Hundred Years hence.

V.
Our *Taxes* are great, but they may save our Throats,
Or from *Lewis* who makes 'em pay for their Coats,
Or damnable *Rome* that we may not adore,
Who piously forces *Excise* for a *Whore*;
Our Money we'll give for our Noble Defence,
That we may be Happy an Hundred Years hence.

VI.
We Children will get then, and pay for their Heads,
That they may not be damn'd for handling of Beads;
We'll turn up our *Doxies*, and *Soldiers* procure,
That the *Bald-pated Tribes* we may not endure;

We'll deal with our *Danfoles*, that we may from thence
Have Broods that will stand us an Hundred Years hence.

VII.
We this will perform, and now pay for the Work
To keep out the Devil, the Pope, and the Turk;
That *Jemmy the Elder* may never reign more,
Or *Jemmy the Younger* may never come o're;
All which to prevent, our Pounds, Shillings and Pence,
Shall willingly fly till an Hundred Years hence.

VIII.
But—Room for *Cuckolds* without any *Jest-O*,
Advance *Pater Patria* with *Manifesto*,
Which had better instead of *Cummi Dada's Tarst*,
Have serv'd to wipe *Sacred Modena's* *Asses*,
From whence daily issues such choice *Frankincense*,
As may give us *Hogo* an Hundred Years hence.

IX.
(*Charles*),
Our *Halls* stuff with *Monks*, and our *Towns* lose their
And *Rome* once again shall set up her Head Quarters;
In *Smithfield* once more at the Stake we shall burn,
And *Berwick* and *Peters* shall make a Return,
Dragoon'd we shall be out of *Cash* and our *Sauce*,
By th' Bastards beyond Sea, an Hundred Years hence.

X.
We to *Faux* and th' glorious *Ravillac* shall pray,
And *England* be blest d with a *Saint* for each day,
When *Sir John* and *Sir William's* great Fame amount
In *Red Letters* by the *Gregorian Account*;
When *St. Pauls* shall be chang'd to *St. Peters* *Innense*,
No doubt this will happen an Hundred Years hence.

XI.
With a *Glass* of rich *Bordeaux*, or a *Cup* of *Nantz*,
We shortly from thence will supply all our Wants;
All this I predict without help of a Star,
By a *General Peace*, or a *General War*;
This *WILLIAM* secures us in the *Present Taste*,
That we mayn't be *Buy-heard* an Hundred Years hence.

FINIS.